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Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler
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I Like Your Laugh

by [Lunari](#)

Summary

Extension of a prompt from 100 Ways to Say "I Love You" in Birdmom.

Angela tries to enhance her nanites but makes a mistake. Fareeha takes charge but then it gets fluffy.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

In retrospect, tweaking her nanites to alter pain receptors was easy. As she sat on the floor, knees pressed into the corner of her lab, hyperspeed Swiss-German pouring from her lips however, it seemed a bit more difficult. Angela never put anything out into the field that she wasn't willing to test or use on herself. While this had left her with a few more scars or unexplainable ticks, it allowed her to sleep better at night knowing that some small child wouldn't grow an extra body part because of her tech.

She'd had Athena run the simulations and her latest round of pain relieving nanites seemed to be functional. She'd ran a few more panels, looked over a few more readouts, and when she was confident in her latest change, began her test.

Each test of nanites began the same: scalpel making a small incision on the inside of her forearm and then immediate injection of her latest serum. Everything had gone correctly and the wound even closed in record time. The pain was gone nearly immediately. Just as Angela moved to write her findings into her notes, her world shifted.

There was some melodic tone thrumming through her lab, her hands felt squishy and surely she'd have noticed if someone had painted her white walls into technicolor marble.

Some small part of her brain that was still a functioning doctor lead her to sit down until the moment passed. That is how she found herself on the floor, pressed into the corner talking gibberish at the wall.

That is how Fareeha found her.

The pilot had entered the medbay to bring her girlfriend a bite to eat as she knew the doctor was testing that day and would never see outside of the white and glass walls unless someone intervened. The melodic Swiss-German was nearly a song coming from behind Angela's desk, from the...floor? Fareeha cocked her head in confusion and made her way to the desk, peeking over the edge and finding the doctor with her face planted in the corner. In shock, Fareeha dropped the plastic, sandwich-filled container and fell to her knees beside the blonde, pulling her into her arms.

“Reeha!” Angela exclaimed when she realized why she was suddenly moving. “I made a durch ... dur ,” She broke into giggles. “ Durchbruch is such a silly sounding word. You say it, I wanna hear it with your sexy accent.”

Fareeha sat dumbfounded and at Angela's pleading eyes, attempted to say the very German word, her Arabic trained tongue slaughtering the pronunciation but sending Angela into another fit of giggles nonetheless. “Angela...” Fareeha began when the blonde had calmed, sweeping her bangs aside to take in the blown eyes of her doctor. “Are you...are you high?”

“No silly, I'm sitting right here. I'd be,” Angela pointed to the ceiling. “Up there if I were high.”

Fareeha sighed and stood. “Are you ‘not-high’ enough to tell me where your flushing serum is?” The pilot followed the giggled directions and found said syringe. To be safe she slotted it in an analytic bay and asked Athena to double check the makeup before she moved to stand behind the doctor. By the time she'd returned, Angela had taken up a fascination with the line running from floor to ceiling, rocking slightly as she followed it with her eyes.

Fareeha couldn't help but laugh as the situation caught up with her. Here was a world renowned surgeon, stoned in her own office.

Angela's head dropped back. “I like your lau- Hey, why are you on the ceiling? How are you on the ceiling? Now you're high!” A gasp. “I'm going to have to dismiss you from duty!”

“Alright, you're done.” Fareeha grumbled as she moved forward, tugged up the knee length skirt a few inches and plunged the needle into the blonde's thigh. The flushing serum did it's job and within a few moments Angela was herself again.

She blinked tiredly at the Egyptian. “Please tell me I was dreaming all of that...” She begged before falling forward into her girlfriend's arms, dead asleep.

Fareeha made her way down the familiar hallway leading to Angela's quarters. More times than not, she'd be carrying the exhausted and sleeping doctor back to her bed, tucking her in with a kiss to the temple and leaving with a small smile.

She shifted the sleeping blonde to one arm and keyed in the entry code to Angela's room before moving the woman back to a comfortable hold and entering the sparse living area. Each time

Fareeha came to Angela's room she was left feeling a bit melancholy. While the pilot's own quarters still sported many of her posters from her childhood, there were still plenty of bits of personality scattered around the room.

Angela's room looked like a hospital room, all whites and metals, the only color being a red throw blanket tossed over the back of a white couch. Her doctor was so much more than this bland room, but Fareeha could also see the appeal of the monochrome space: less to stress the eyes after a long day staring at screens or dying teammates.

Fareeha moved to the bed in the back corner of the room, hidden behind a dividing screen and tucked into the wall itself. She bent low to deposit the unconscious Angela on the unmade mattress. Dark fingers brushed over scattered white-gold bangs, smoothing them back behind an ear, pale lashes fluttering at the soft touch. Bleary eyes blinked open, drifting over the woman on the edge of her bed, lips turning up in a small, tired smile. Pale arms reached out, wrapping around Fareeha's waist and pulling her face into the pilot's side with a contented hum.

Fareeha chuckled quietly, carding her fingers through Angela's hair with a gentle grin. "How is this sleeping?" Incoherent words were mumbled into her skin in response. Fareeha nudged Angela to the side to give herself more room before stretching long limbs along the length of the mattress, her arm wrapping around the blonde. If she couldn't escape she might as well ensure Angela slept off her ordeal.

A grumbled string of words from the doctor and she was lightly snoring once more. Fareeha sighed, fingers trailing along the doctor's shoulder as her mind wandered. Thoughts of her first meeting Angela, her awkward attempts at flirting, her finally getting the courage to ask her out, their blissful but stressful year of a relationship. All of it culminated to the most wonderful feeling in her chest. She gave the sleeping doctor a gentle half-hug. You'll have to tell her, one day. Fareeha sighed again, eyes drifting to the gently parted lips of her girlfriend and her mind shifted to all the things she wanted to tell her. How she was everything to her, how she brightened her day just with a smile or even a playful swat to a shoulder. How she loved her more than she ever thought possible. A tightening grip around her waist brought her back to the present.

A few words shattered her reality.

"I love you too, Fareeha."

End Notes

If you'd like to read the original behemoth this fic is from, please check it out here:
<http://archiveofourown.org/works/10394775>

If you'd like to suggest your own extension, see prompt 100 of 100 Ways to Say "I Love You" in Birdmom.

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